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Bard

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And will *this* say
the word it's born to say?

Ask any
thing, the answer's yes.

But we, we
seem to be another matter.

3 March 2006

Taste of cocoa

Mexico inside
the grainy chocolate
bar.

Cacao?

So many ways
to say it, but

how many words
ail the wind?

Working through the dictionary:
sparrows on snow.
Mind on fire.

3 March 2006

LIKE RUNNING WATER

A good ink will clean
the pen through which it flows.

Consider the sources
of information, speak
the words that heal you.

A good pen will heal
the words it writes,

that's what my yellow
Lamy bought for 100 schillings
in Vienna told me
pouring violet Parisian ink.

A single word
is deep analysis.

3 March 2006

SPECIFICATION SONG LEAP

A modern love song
center everywhere
comme le bon dieu.

Where did you put my circumference, mother?
Why is the grass asleep beneath the snow?

I thought you said everything is different,
but this world is that world,

a left-handed woman
writing in the dark.

3 March 2006

PARMA

where the flowers
member. They weren't
of course.

Roses they were
violets, the French
adored them
could afford them
and their odor

lasted a hundred years.
Not what we mean

by flowers.
Something other,
orchids in the cab,

touching you you
someone
hiding in an empty field.

3 March 2006

SINNER

(on the day Three-Ajmac)

Sinner. Be a winner.

Leave being to a bee,

do the wanting only you can do,

sinner. My lovely me

ensconced in wantingness

defines itself.

Pothos is a flower,

himeros a fruit. We guess

both from the same tree

come but no man has ever

traveled to the witchy uplands where it's said to grow

though women, most women,

go there all the time and never tell.

Himalayas. Then the deserts. Then the nameless

mountains not as high as your hand

shielding your eyes from the evening sun.

Dark hills, resistant to speculation, caveless.

In satellite photos they just look like rock.

But you know better, sinner,

you've been on your way there all your life,

you chose that destination
because you'd never get there,
never would have to be bothered
wondering what to do once you arrived,
never have to think.

Still I had in the back of my mind
a picture of you getting there
crossing your legs in the hotel lobby
where insolent interpreters discuss your destiny
but you smile, content for once
with the glass in hand, wine of some sort
made from bright red wolfberries of that region.

So many botanical facts elude you,
sinner, you never bother looking,
just keep wanting. In my daydream
that was enough, it got you there.
You sit there reading a novel you have to become.

4 March 2006

A WORD

A word
is essentially a fox

you hear it cough
loud behind some bushes

shockingly loud
really but you never

see it clear,
only a shape sometimes,

shape of movement,
only a sound.

4 March 2006

= = = = =

Small stone rabbit
carved. Smaller bird
stone too, pierced,
blow into its tail:
a whistle.

Things that look
like other things
made from something else.
But the sound is real.

It turns out to be true
all we are is what we say.

4 March 2006

FRUITS OF MIDNIGHT

Quiet out there for a Saturday
even in winter.

Crazy tree
to spill such hours.

Alone in a field
I suck them dry
like a moon lifting sap in a pine tree
or a train carrying away
over the prairie the town's
prettiest girl your mother.

4 March 2006

WILDERNESS

Fall for the furthest number –

something has to remember

and we will call that thing *your thigh*.

It rings now, lightning is calling,

it speaks from the upper anterior region

down along the sartorius

towards but not reaching the knee.

You feel. The wilderness is inside you.

Lightning over the desert

only you can see. The terrible loneliness.

You feel, you are defined as what feels.

You are nothing in fact but what you feel,

nothing, nothing. And what does that make me?

5 March 2006

MORE DIP PENS

What we need.

Your dream too.

I had ink

made for me.

It tells me

time the big

hand is pen

the small one

I can't see

you write her

out of you

the sea takes

less of her

than you need

to be gone.

5 March 2006

FLARF

What else is a self self
but flarf source,
a built-in google
of complex irrelevance
I write what it please.

5 March 2006

BALE OF LIGHT

bail

out of the light?

Bail the boat

that rides along to light to Ra,

bale-fires hung on the hill,

corpse fires burning blue.

Blue flame. A bird tried to fly in my door.

Death sign. World of signs. I too

but what am I sign of or for?

Sign off now. You have scared

your selves enough. The radical

is peace. Shape

your whole character around that.

Then the bird will stay in the sky.

6 March 2006

=====

Either I was never young or never old.

Nothing changes but the color of her hair.

6 III 06

DEAR BRIGHT

sun

dear water

that I bring to you.

Darker now

as if it still held

some of the deep earth

where its clarity was born.

How can such a lucid thing

live down there?

How it must long

to reach the superjacent light.

Springs, upwellings,

explain it to me again,

I keep forgetting,

why isn't water a solid?

What do I have to do

to keep it fluid?

Now I have to water the amaryllis,

the narcissus, the sansevieria, the bamboo,

Then I will come back to you

and learn how to water water,

I will listen to you this time with my hands.

6 March 2006

=====

Waiting for it to be right.

Sensory revelation:

the clock ticks quietly.

6

Time happens for *itself* –

we're just the audience

for its interminable self-analysis.

Each minute folded on itself

An hour makes

And every day a Christian year

So every midnight He is born again –

as some old vicar wrote in his daybook

as he watched through his diamond-paned window

delphiniums blue out there, wanting to believe.

6 March 2006

Чайка

chaika, 'sea gull,' whence

Tchaikovsky and so on,
how many words I know,
and know, and no
language to put them in,

all these paints and no palette
no brush no wall
all I have is the colors alone
all over my mind.

7 March 2006

=====

Naturally all
the randomly generated text
in flarf poetry and spam subject lines
reminds me of me.
All I do is try
to keep using the words till they make sense.

I am a child. I am told:
you don't know what the word means
until you can use it in a sentence.

I am a man. I answer:
I can never know what it really means
till I have written every sentence
in which it can find a place.

I am a clown. I say anything
that comes into my head
to make sure the word gets used.
People are angry with me
because I say what I have no right to say.

I am a bronze statue of myself The Poet
set up in some crappy park,
I say that any poet has only a certain
number of words that are her own

and these words he must use again and again

until she begins to understand.

Never mind the angry people.

The word in your mouth gives you the right to speak it –

no other right.

Soon after death one begins to discover

what one's words were

and in the long limbo of that sleep

perhaps you dream all the other words you neglected.

Because there are so many words

there has to be reincarnation,

so the sentence-maker falls again

into a world rife with undiscovered meaning

only she can discern and only by speaking.

7 March 2006

= = = = =

Sometimes slow seas.

One tastes the last
mouth drank from this cup.

Even if it was me
I was different then

My taste a stranger's.
Proof there is no identity.

I wake another.

But the sea was working all night
because it is everyone
changing into one another all the time
the sea is allowed to be the same.

7 March 2006